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THE ANCIENT HISTORY, OF BUCKY-HARBOUR In FIFE-SHIRE.

Wherein is contained the Antiquities of their College, their Extraction and Burges-Ticket, with the noted Sayings and Exploits of wise Willie, in the Brae, and witty Eppie the ale-wife, and lingle-tail'd Nancy her Daughter.

EDINBURGH:

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Hiſtory of Bucky-harbour in Fife.

IT is a thing may be obſerved by all travelers both at home and abroad, not only the changes of languages, but the corruption of ſpeech in every language, not a county in all Britan over, but what has ſome different tone, or way of pronouncing words from others; even ſome in the ſouth of Scotland, can hardly be underſtood by thoſe in the north, though both pretend to ſpeak Engliſh, and have a liberal part of Education: But ſince learning is now ſo eaſy to be obtained, ignorance and corruption of ſpeech is greatly decreſſed.

In the Countv of Fife on the Sea-coaſt, there ſtands a little town inhabited by few but Fiſhers, called Bucky-harbour, becauſe of the ſea-buckies and ſhells to be found ſo plenty on the Rocks in and about that place, there is little mention made of this town by hiſtorians, to konw its original etxraction and antiquities, but in their own burges ticket, which was part of it perfect truth, but more of it by way of lampoon; this Ticket was dated the twa and thirty day of the month of July Ceſar, their coat of arms was two hands gripping each other, over a ſcate's rumple, their oath was, I wiſh de de'il mae

ye binna de like to me, an article of good neighbourhood was, that who ever was firſt up in a good morning was to riſe all the reſt to go to ſea, but if a very bad morning, they piſh and ly down till break o' day and then riſe wiſe Willie wha cou'd judge the weather by the blawing o' the wind.

Their freedom was to take all ſorts of fiſh contain'd in their Ticket, Lobſters, Partons, Podlies, Spout-fiſh, Sea-cats Sea-dogs Flucks Picks, Dick-podocks, and P——fiſh, &c.

The firſt of theſe people is ſaid to be one Tom and his two ſons who were fiſhers on the coaſt of Norway, and in a violent ſtorm were blown over, and got aſhore at Bucky harbour where they ſettled, and the whole of his children were called Tomſons, this is a hiſtorical ſaying handed down from one generation to another, ſo in courſe of time they grew up and multiplyed, that they became a little town by themſelves, few of any other name dwelt amongſt them, and were all called the Tomſons; they keep but little communication with the country people, for a Farmer in thoſe days thought his daughter caſt away if ſhe married one of the Fiſhers in Bucky-harbour and witty Eppie the ale-wife wod ſworn be-go laddie, I wad rather ſee my boat and a' my three ſons, dadet againſt the Baſs, or ſhe ſaw ony ane o' them married on a muck-abyre's daughter, a whin

uſeleſs tappies, it can do neathing but rive at a tow rock, and cut a corn ; they can neither bait a hook nor rade a line, houke Sandles, nor gather pirriwinkles.

Now wiſe Willy and witty Eppie the ale-wife liv'd there about a hundred years ago, Eppie's chamber was their collage and court houſe, where they decided controverſies, and explained their wonders, for the houſe was wide kike a little kirk, had four windows and a gavel-door, the wiv's got leeve to flite their fill, but fighting was forbidden, (as Eppie ſaid up hands was fair play,) their fines was a' in pints o' ale, and Eppie ſeld it at a' plackt he pint ; they had neither Miniſter nor Magiſtrate, nor yet a Burly-bailie to brag them wi' his tolbooth : My lord, was their landlords, wiſe Willie and witty Eppie the ale-wife, was rulers o' the town.

Now Eppie had a daughter, ſhe ca'd her lingel-tail'd Nancy, 'cauſe of her ſeckleſs growth, her waiſt was like a twitter, had nae curpen for a creel being Embrough bred and brought up wi' her Loudian Aunty, was learn'd to read and to ſhew, made Coarſe-claiths, and Callico-mutches, there warna a ſcholar in the town but herſel', ſhe read on the Bible, and the book of Kirk-ſangs was newly com'd in faſhion, Willie an' Eppie tell'd ay what it meant, an' ſaid a' the

letters in it was litted by my lord, for they ſaw him hae a feather that he dipped in black water, and made it croocked ſcores juſt like the ſame, then he ſpak till it over again, and I tell'd him what to ſay.

It happened on a day that two of their wives near the town found a horſes ſhoe, brought it home and ſent for wiſe Willie, to ſee what it was; Willie comes and looks at it, a-deed co' Willie its a thing an' holes in t; I kind ſaid they he wad get a name till t, a ha' co' Willie, but whar did ye find it? aneath my lords ain houſe Willie, a-deed ſaid Willie, its the auld Moon, I ken by the holes in't for nailing o't to the lift, but I winder it ſhe fell in Fife, for the laſt time it I ſaw her, ſhe was hinging on her back aboon Embrough, a hech co' Willie, we'll hae her ſet up on the higheſt houſe in the town, an we'll hae moon-light o' our ain a' the days o' the year, the whole town came runing to ſee the moon; hout, hout, cried witty Eppie, ye're a fools together its but ane of the things it my lord's mare wears upon her lufe.

At another time, one of their wives found a hare withi ts legs broken, lying amongſt her kail in the yard, ſhe not knowing what it was, called out her neigbours to ſee it, ſome ſaid it was ſome gentleman's cat, or my ladies lap-dog, or a ſheeps young kitlen,

becauſe it had ſaft horns; Na, na cried wiſe Willie its ane o' the maukens that the gentlemen's dogs worries, what will we do wi't haith co' all ſinge the woo' af't, and make fiſh and ſauce o't to my Tammie's parach, no, no, ſaid wity Eppie, better gie't to my lord, and he'll ſtap an iron ſtick throw the gut's o't, an gar't rin round about afore the fire till it be roaſted; Na, na, ſaid wiſe Willie we'll no do that indeed, for my lord wad mak us a' dogs, an' gar us rin through the country ſeeking maukens till him:

It happened on a dark winter morning, that two of the wives were going to Dyſert to ſell their fiſh, and near the road-ſide there happened to be ſome Tinkers Aſs tadder'd, and the poor Aſs ſeeing the wives coming with their creels, thought it was the Tinkers wives coming to flit or relieve him, fell a crying, the two wives threw their fiſh away and run home like mad perſons, crying they had ſeen the de'il, ay the very horn'd de'il; and that he had ſpoken to them and cried after them, but they did not ken what he ſaid, for it was a worſe words nor a highlandman's; the whole town was in an uproar, ſome would go with picks aud ſpades and hagg him a' in pieces, others would be to go and catch him in a ſtrong net, an' then they could either hang him or drown him. Na, na, co' wiſe Willie, we manna' caſt out

wi' him at the firſt, an he's gotten the twa burden o' fiſh, he'll eble gang his wa', an, no faſh us nae mair, he's o'er ſupple to be catch'd in a net, a' your pith 'ill neither hang him nor drown him, and the kintry he comes frae is a' het coals, he'll never burn, we'll go to him in a civil manner, and ſee what he wants ; get out Eppie the ale-wife, and lingle tail'd Nancy wi' the Bible and the Salm-book. So aff they came in a croud, either to kill the de'il or catch him alive ; and as they came near the place the Aſs falls a crying, cauſed many of them to faint and run back, na, na, co', Willie that's no the de'il's words ava', its my lords trumpeter touting on his braſs whiſtle, Willie ventured till he ſaw the Aſs's twa lugs, now cried Willie back to the reſt, come foreward and had him faſt. I ſee his twa horns, hech firs he has a white beard like an auld beggar man ; ſo they inoloſed the poor Aſs about on all ſides, thinks it was the de'il ; but when wiſe Willie ſaw he hadna cloven cluts, he cried out ſcarna lads this is no the de'il, its ſome living beaſt, neither a cow nor a horſe, and what is it then Willie, indeed co' Willie, is the father of a' the Makens, I ken by its lang lugs.

Now ſome will ſay this is too ſatyrical a hiſtory, but it is according to the kno-

ledge of thoſe times, not to ſay in any place by another, old wives will yet tell us of many ſuch ſtories of the devil appearing to their grand fathers or grand-mothers and dead wives coming again to viſit their families long after their being dead; So this Buck-haven was once noted for drol exploits, is now become more known, and is a place ſaid to produce the beſt and hardieſt water-men or ſaliors of any town in the Scots coaſt, yet many of the old people in it ſtill attain the old tincture of their old uncultivated ſpeech, as (be-go laddie, alſo a firey nature if you aſk any of the wives where their College ſtands they'll tell if your noſe were in their back ſide, your mouth would be at the door of it.

Now it happened when wiſe Willie turned old, he took a great ſwelling in his waime; and a caſting up of his kail, collops or cauld fiſh, that nothing ſtaid on his ſtomach, and a ſtout ſtomach had he, for crab-heads or ſcate-broe, or fat broſe on a bridal morning; yet it fail'd him and he fell ſick, none could cure him or tell what ail'd him, till a mounti-bank ſtage-doctor came to Kirkcaldy, that could Judge by peoples, piſh the troubles that they had in their perſon, an Willie hearing of his fame, piſſed in a bottle an' ent it away with his daughter

ſpilt it by the way, and to conceal her ſloth in ſo doing, piſſed in it herſelf, and on ſhe goes; comes to the ſtage and cries, Sir Doughter, Sir Doughter, here is a bottle o' my fathers waſh, he has a ſair guts and and never needs to drite ony, but ſpues a' he eats, its true I tell ye my dow; the Doctor looks at it, and then ſays, its not your fathers, ſurely it is your mothers, a de il's i' the man ſaid ſhe, divna I ken my father by my mither, then ſaid he he is with chil', a de'il's i' the man co' ſhe, for my mither bore a' de barins before, dats no true ſir, a figs ye're a grait liar, home ſhe comes and tells Willie her father, that the Doctor ſaid he was wi' barin, O waes me co' Willie, for I hae a muckle wame, an' I fear its o'er true, O pleague no you Janet for ye're the father o't, and I am ſure to die in the bearing o't witty Eppie was ſent for, as ſhe was a houdie, an' fand a' Willie's wame to be ſure about it, indeed co' Eppie ye're the firſt man e'er I ſaw wi' barin before, and how you'll bear't I dinna ken, ye have a wally wame well I wat, but how men bears barins I never ſaw them yet, but I wad drink ſalt-ſea water and drown't in my guts, for an' men get once the gate of bearing weans themſelves, they'll ſeek nae mae wives; ſo Willie drank ſea-water till his guts was like

to rive, and out he goes to eaſe himſelf among the kail, and with the terrible hurl of farting, up ſtarts a Mawken behind him, thought ſhe was ſhot, Willie ſees her jumping o'er the dyke, thought it was a child brought furth, cries come back my dear, and be chriſtened, and no rin to the hills and be a pagan ſo Willie grew better every day after, being brought to bed in the kirk yard, but his daughter was brought to bed ſome months thereafter, was the cauſe of the Doctors miſtake.

PART II.

NOW wiſe Willie had a daughter called Roillouching Jenny, becauſe ſhe ſpoke thick, ſix words at three times, half ſence and half noneſenſe; at her own words and actions will bear witneſs. She being wi' child, was brought to bed of a bonny Laſs-barin; and a the wives in the town cried, Be-go Laddie, its juſt like its ain father Lang Sandy Taſon, or Thomſon wi' ken'd by its noſe: For Sandy had a great muckle red noſe like a Lobſter's-tae, bowed at the point like a Hawk's neb: And Sandy himſel ſaid that it was ſurely his, or ſome other body, but he had uſed a his birr at the

getting o't to ſey his ability, being the firſt time e're he was at ſic a buſineſs before and whan he had done a that man cou'd do at it, ſaid it was but noneſenſe: And ſhame fa' him but he wad raither row his boat round the baſs and back again o' he did the like again; for wiſe Willie gade wode at the wain, and ſaid it had mair ill nature in't nor the auldeſt wife in the town, it piſs'd the bed, and ſhate the bed, ſkirl'd like a wil'd-cat and kept him frae his nights reſt: and a' the auld haggs about the town ca'd him ay Sandy the bairns Daddy, and the young gilligaky hiſſies held out their fingers and cried tie hie-hie Sandy the kirk will kittle your hips for vone yet.

And after a' the Blir ey'd Bell-man came bladdering about the buttock-meal, tummon'd him and her before the hally-band, to a court that held in the kirk on Saturday morning; And a' the wicked hird-laddies round about, cried ay Sandy, Sandy, pay the Bill-ſiller or I'll cut the cows tail awa: So poor Sandy ſuffer'd ſadly in the fleſh, beſides the penalty and kirk penance.

But Wiſe Willie had pity upon them, and gade wi' them to the kirk court, what learned foukes call the ſeſſion. Jenny was firſt called upon, and in ſhe goes, where a' the hally-band was convin'd, Elders and Youngers, Deckons and dog payers keep-

ing the door, the cankerdeſt carles that cou'd be got en between Dyſart and Dubyſide, white-heads, and bald-heads, ſitting wanting bonnets, wi' their white headed ſlaves and huddon-g ay j cky coats about them.

Maſs John ſays come awa Janet we're a waiting on you here.

Miniſter.) Now Janet, where was this child gotten you muſt tell us plainly?

Janet) A deed ſir it was gotten amang the black ſtaines, at the cheek o' the Crab holes.

Maſs John ſtares at her not knowing the place, but ſome of his Elders did; then ſaid he, O Janet but the devil was buſſey wi' you at that time.

Janet.) A be my figs ſir, that's a great lie ye're telling now, for de deel was na there about it I ſaw, nor nae body elſe; to bid us do either ae thing or anither; Wi' licked either unco well for a lang time before that an then wi' tell'd either, an greed to marry either like either honeſt foukes; than might na we learn to do the thing married fouk's does without de deel helping us?

Whiſt, whiſt, cried they, ye ſhould be ſcourg'd fauce loune quine it thou is you're ſpeaking noneſence.

Janet.] De deels in de Carles, for you and your Miniſter is baith liars whan ye ſay it

e deel was helping Sandy an me to get de bairn.

Come, come, ſaid they pay down the kirk dues, and come back to the ſtool the morn, four pund and a groat to the bell-man.

Janet.) The auld thief ſpeed the dearth o't ſtir, for leſs might ſaire you and your bell-man baith; O but this be a hard warld indeed, whan poor honeſt fouk's maun pay for making uſe o' their ain Arſe, ye miſca by the poor deel a hint his back and gies him the wyte o' a' the ill its done in de kinry: baſtard barins and every thing, and if it be ſae as you ſay, you may thank de deel for that good four pund an de groat I hae ge'n you, that gars your pots play brown an get jocky-coats, purl handed ſpaks and white headed ſtaves, whan my fathers got wallups up rough bare an blue water.

The womans mad ſaid they, for this money is a given to the poor of the pariſh.

Janet. The poor o' de pariſh ſaid ſhe, an what's the lav'ot no, a finta hate ye gi' them, but wi' pickles o' peaſe meal, have na I ben'd in their pocks, an the Miniſter's wife gies nae thing ava to unco beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain pariſh; and yet ye'll tak the purſe frae poor fouk's for nae thing but juſt playing the loun a wi' or they be married; and ſyne cocks them up to be looked on an laughen at by every

body; a deel ſpeed you an your juſtice too ſtir; hute tute, tute ye'er a coming on me now, like a whin girning coley dogs hunting awa a poor ragget chapman frae the door, and out ſhe comes curſing and greeting: Sandys next call'd upon and in he goes.

Maſs John) Now Sanders you muſt tell us how this child was gotten.

Sandy,) A wow Maſs John ſtir, ye have bairns o' your ain, how did ye get them? bit yours is a laddies, an mine's but a laſſie, gine ye'll tell me how ye get your laddies I'll tell you how I got my laſſie; and than we'll be baith a like good at the buſineſs.

The Miniſter looks at him, hute, tute Sanders lay down four pund and a groat and come back the morrow to the ſtool, and give ſatisfaction to the congregation, you had more need to be ſeeking repentance for that abominable ſin of uncleaneſs; than ſpeaking ſo to me.

Sandy) Than there your ſilver ſtir I gotten but a poor penny worth for't, and ye tell me to repent for't; what the auld thief needs I repent, whan I'm ga'n to marry the woman and than I'll hae to do't o'er again every day, or they'll be nae peace in the houſe: figs its noneſenſe, to pay filler, repent and do it again to, a fine advice indeed Maſter Miniſter, and thats how ye live.

Wiſe Willie.) Now ſtir, you and Maſter Elders, ye manna put them on the black crippy tell they be married? they've ſuffered enough at ae time.

A well a ſaid they, but they muſt marry very ſoon then.

I true ſae ſays Sandy ye'll be wanting mair clink, foul hate ye do for nae thing here.

Hame comes Sandy ſterving o' hunger ye might a caſt a knot no his lang guts, his mother was baking peaſe bannocks, up he gets a lump of her leaven into his mouth; A auld thief be your hagges-bag Sandy, kirk foukes is ay greidy, ye been wi' the miniſter a day, ye'd get a good lang grace he might a gine you meat too, filthy dog it tu is, thou has the bu'k of a little Whalpie o' my leaven in your guts; it wad a been four good bannocks and a ſcone an a ſair d our Sandys dinner ſae wad it een; bit an ye keep a reeking houſe and a rocking cradle three eleven years as I hae done, leſs o' that will faire ye yet, bagity-beaſt it tu' is, mair it I bore the now, a hear ye that my dow:

The next exploit was an action of law againſt the goodman of Moor-edge, a farmer who lived near by, that kept ſheep and ſwine his ſheep came down and broke into their yards and eat up their kail; the wild

hares they thought belonged to the ſame man as they ran towards his houſe when they were hunted: The ſwine came very often in about their houſe ſeeking fiſh guts, and any thing they could ge, ſo it happned that one of their children ſitting eaſing itſelf one of the ſwine tumbled it over and bites a piece out of the childs back-ſide; the whole town roſe in an up-roar, and after the Grunkie as they called her, they ſoon catched her and takes her before wiſe Willie; Willie takes an ax and cuts two or three inches off her long noſe: Now ſays Willie, I true I've made the ſomething chriſtian like, thou had ſic a lang mouth and noſe before wad a frighted de very deel to look at ye; but now ye'er fac'd like a little horſe or a cow, the poor ſow ran home roaring all in blood wanting the noſe, which cauſed Moor-edge to warn them in before my Lord. So the wives who had their kail eaten appeard firſt in the court, complaining againſt Moor-edge.

Indeed my lord, Moor-edge is no a good man, when he's ſic an ill nighbour, he keeps black hares, and white hares, little wi' brown back'd hares wi white arſes and louſe wagging horns; de mukle anes loups o'er de dyke eats the kail, and de little anes wi' de wagging horns crips in at our water guſh holes, and does de like, when we cry pi-

ſuie, they rin awa hame to Moor-edges, but I'll gar my colley had them by de fit, and I'll had them by de horn, and ſyne pou a de hair af them, and ſend them hame wanting the ſkin, as he did wi' Sowen Tammie's wee Sandy for coding o' his peaſe, he took aff the poor laddies coat, a ſae did he een.

A well then ſaid my Lord, do as you ſay, but call on wiſe Willie.

In he comes, a well my Lord, I ſ'al ſuppoſe an ye were a ſow, an' me ſitting dryteing and you to bite my arſe, ſud na I take amends o' you for that? wod my Lord, ye wadna hae ſic a bite out o' your arſe for twenty mark, ye maun juſt gar Moor-edge gie ten merks to buy a plaiſter, to heal the poor bit waens arſe again. Well ſaid, Willie, ſays my Lord; but who puts on the ſows noſe again? A figs my Lord ſaid Willie, ſhe's honeſter like wanting it, and ſhe'll bite nae mae arſes wi't; and gain ye had hane a noſe my Lord, as lang as the ſow had, ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad cut a piece aft.

A Gentleman coming paſt near their town, aſked one of their wives where their College ſtood, ſaid ſhe give me a ſhilling and I'll let you ſee both the ſides o't, he gives her the ſhilling, thinking to ſee ſome curious ſight, now there's one ſide of your

ſhilling, and there's the other, and its mine now:

PART III.

NOW wiſe Willie being ſo admired, for his juſt judgement in cutting off the Sows noſe; that my Lord in a mock manner, made him Burly-bailie of Buckhyne, lang Sandy was the proveſt, and John Trumbs the weaver, was Denigel, but witty Eppie had the caſting vote in a' their courts and contreverſies.

There happened one day a Cadgers horſe to be ſtanding at one of their doors, and a little child going about, the horſe tramped upon the childs foot, which cauſed the poor child to cry, the mother comes running in a paſſion, crying a wae be to you for a 'orſe it e'er ye was born of a woman, filthy birbaren brute it t'ou is, ſetting your muckle iron lufe on my bairns wi' ſittie, wod ſtir, I'll rive de 'air out 'o your head, gripping the horſe by the mane and the two lugs, cuffing his chafts as he had been her fellow creature, crying, be go laddie, I'll gar you as good, I'll tak you before wiſe Willie de Baillie, and he'll cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe, and dan you'll be cripple, and gang thro' de kintry

twa ſhool-ſtaffs like Rab the randy, an a meal-pock about your neck; her neighbour wife hearing and ſeeing what paſt, cries a' you fool tappy, what gars you ſay that a 'orſe was born of a woman, do ye think dat a 'orſe has a fader and a midder like you or me, or ony ither body about; a what way do they come to the warld dan? A ye fool tappy, divena they whalp like de louſes, ae auld 'orſe hobles on a nidder anes back and dat whalps a young 'orſe; Goſh woman, it wad be ill-fard to ſee a woman fitting wi' a young 'orſe on her 'nee dighting its arſe and gien it the pape.

The next occaſion was lang Sandy and Rollouching Jenny's wedding; which held three days and twa nights, my Lord and my Lady, with ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies attended for diverſions ſake, the Piper of Kirkaldy and the Fiddler of Kinghorn, was both bidden by wiſe Willie the Brides father, and if any more came to play unbidden, Willie ſwore they ſhould ſit unſerved for theſe twa ſhou'd get a' de ſiller dat was to be gi'n for win' dat day, the dinners and dorder meats ſat a' in Eppie's College, and the dancing ſtood in twa rings before the door; and the firſt day with dunting and lineling of their heels, dang down the Seadyke, ſome tumbled in, and ſome held by the ſtones, the Fiddler fell o'er the lugs and

druket a' his Fiddle, the ſtrings gade out in order, and the trips turn'd ſaft like pudden ſkins, ſo the Bag-pipe had to do for a', and the Fiddler got nought to do but ſup kail, and pick bains wi' the beſt of them.

Now my Lord's Cook was to order the kettle: but lang Pate o' the pans play'd a ſad prat, by caſting in twa pounds of Candle among their kail, which made them fat for ſome that could not ſup them, and the Candle-weeks came ay in o' their cutties like Sutter's lingels in the diſh, but ſome wi' ſtronger ſtomacks, ſtripped them throw their teeth like Raton-tails, and ſaid mony ane wad be blyth o' ſic a ſtring to tie their hoſe wi' in a pinch: My Lord and the Gentry, Meſs John and the Clerk was all plac'd at the head of the Table oppoſite the bride, but would ſup none of their Candle-kail, wife Willie and the bridegroom ſerved the Table, and cried ſup and a ſorrow to you, for I ne'er liked four kail about my houſe; when the fleſh came, the Bride got a rams rumple to pick, ſhe takes it up and wags it at my Lord, ſaying tie-hie, my Lord what an a piece is dat? O ſaid he bride that's the tail piece it belongs to you; me my Lord, its no mine, never a woman had a thing like dat, its a fiſh tail ſee as it wags, its a bit o' ſome beaſt, O yes ſaid he Bride, you hit it now; but how come you to eat

with your Gloves on? A deed my Lord, there's a reaſon for dat, I ha'e ſcabbit hands, O fy ſaid he, I cannot believe you; pulls down a piece of her Glove and ſhows him O yes ſaid he, I ſee it is ſo; A-ha but my Lord, I wiſh you ſaw my arſe, its a' in ae hatter; O fy ſaid he. Bride you ſhould not ſpeak ſo before Ladies and your maidens; I wonder ſaid he, to wiſe Willie her father, you do not teach your daughter to ſpeak otherwiſe, A by my ſae my Lord, ye may as ſoon kiſs her arſe, as gar her do otherwiſe; I find ſo, ſaid my Lord, but it lies much in lake of a teacher.

The next diſh was preſented on the table, was roaſted hens, and the Brides portion being laid on her plate, ſays, my Lord, will ye let me dip my fowl arſe among your ſauce? upon my word and that will I not, ſaid he, and it be as you tell me? hute my Lord, its no my Arſe, its but the 'ens arſe I mean; O but ſaid he, Bride, its the faſhion that every one eats off their own trencher, you may get more ſauce; I can manage all mine myſelf, indeed my Lord, I thought you licked me better nor ony body O but ſaid he, I love myſelf better then you Bride, deed my Lord I think your de beſt body about the houſe, for your Lady's but a ſtinking prideſu' jade, ſhe thinks that we ſud mak de fiſh a' alike, be-go my

Lord, ſhe thinks we ſud mak de Haddies a' like Herron, and that we can ſhape them as de 'ens does their eggs wi' der arſes, O bride ſaid he, you ſhould not ſpeak ill of my Lady, for ſhe hears you very well, O deed my Lord I had nae mind o' dat. awell ſaid he drink to me, or them you love beſt ; then here's to you a' the gider, arſe o'er head very well ſaid, ſays he Bride, that's good ſence, or ſomething like it.

Dinner being over, my Lord, deſired the Bride to dance, a deed my Lord, I canna' dance ony, but I'll gar my wame wallop, fornent yours, and rin round about as faſt as we can, very well, ſaid he Bride, that will juſt do, we ſhall neither kiſs nor ſhake hands but I'll bow to you and you'll beck to me, and ſo well have done.

Mow after the Dinner and dancing, my Lord exhorted the Bride to be a good neighbour, and gree well wi' every body round about, A wat weil my Lord, ye ken I did ne'er caſt out wi' nae body, but lang Patey o' de Pans, an he wis a' de wyte o't, it began wi' a hie-tieing, an a jamfing me about Sandy, de black ſtanes and de Crab-holes, where de wean was gotten, and then it turn'd to a hub-bub, and a cully-ſhang an' or ye wad a ſaid kiſs my arſe, my Lord, we was a' aboon ither on the Muſſel-midden, I true I tel'd him o' randy Rab his Uncle;

his ſiffe Tity it ſteal'd de Sarks, and drank de ſiller, and how his midder ſell'd Mawky mutton, an' mair nor a' that, a ſae did I een my Lord.

My Lord having a friend of his own who was a Captain in the Army, who came to viſiit him, and hearing of the Buckers ſayings and exploits ; was deſireous to ſee them, and my Lord as deſireous to put them in a fright, ſent his ſervant and ordered them both men and women to come up before his Gate directly the morn about kail-time. and a' them that did not come, was to flit and remove out of my Lord's ground directly, this put the whole of them in great terror, ſome ran to wiſe Willie to know what it mean'd, Willie ſaid it was before ſome thing, and he was ſure Death wad be the warſt o't, come what will; but witty Eppie ſaid I ken well what's to come, he's gaun to mak the men o' us a' Sogers, and the wives Dragoons, becauſe we're the beſt fighters ; I ken there's ſome thing to come on the town, for our Nany ſaw auld Maggy's gaiſt the yeſtreen, it was buried four ucks ſinſyne, a hech co' Willie, that's a ſign the meal's dear in the ither warld, when ſhe comes to this ane again, we'll may be ne'er come back, ſo away they went lamenting all in a croud: My Lord and the

Captain cries to them, to the right about, to which they anſwered, good bleſs you my Lord, what does that man ſay ? then ſaid my Lord, turn your face to Maggy-hill heads, and your arſe to the ſea, this they did in all haſte, and what will we do now, ſaid Willie, no more, ſaid my Lord, but gang awa' hame Willie, O may bou's o' bleſſings come o'er your bonny face, my Lord, I wiſh you may never die, nor yet be ſick, nor nae body kill you, ye're the beſt Lord I ken on Earth, for we thought a' to be made dead men and Sogers, ye're wiſer nor a' the witches in Fife.

FINIS.